my hand long merely because I professed my admiration for the Master. And he said : " We shall never see his like again in Tahiti. He is dead, and we are dying. None of the Europeans are as he was, whose body, soul and spirit were *white as the moon and pure as the stars."*[9]

Thirty-three years later I strolled through Tautira village in the evening for the first time. The grass-grown street was pleasant. The view from the site of Stevenson's house was lovely as his wife's description of it. A few folk were about [j]—a cheery soul on a horse who stopped to speak in French ; some children in dirty frocks and torn knickerbockers (or apologies for those articles) ; women, in the universal shapeless Mother Hubbard, dodging in and out of houses cheerfully; pigs; fowls and goats. It was very quiet, and the surf sang on the reef in an endless monotone. And first, thereafter, I came on the church,

Imagine a weather-beaten iron and wood rectangle that had once been painted. Its windows alone suggested ecclesiastical architecture, but why I could hardly say. Perhaps because they were tall, unlike any other windows in the village